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FOR THE CULTIVATION OF

THE MEMORABLE, THE PROGRESSIVE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

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The Town.

By LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER IV.

Judge Jeffreys.—His Cheating of his Landlord; his frightful Aspect and Manners; his Cruelty, his Debauchery, his Insolence, his Meanness, and his Tears.—Reconciliation of Him with Human Nature.—His Son Lord Jeffreys; and his Granddaughter, the Countess of Pomfret.

We ought to have mentioned in our last, that, according to a late writer of anecdotes, who came of an inquisitive race, Prior's house in Duke-street exactly faced the opening into Charles-street.*

As order too has its advantages in everything, and we desire to observe chronological succession in the records even of the smallest streets that we pass, we ought to have attended to the phenomenon we are about to speak of, before we mentioned Prior himself. But the poet's connection with Downing-street made us think of him first.

Phenomenon truly was the astounding individual in question; that is to say, an "appearance" in the marvellous sense of the word; an apparition; a wonder to behold; a sort of palpable ghost at noon-day, riding in a chariot, and sitting in courts of law; a "wild beast" of a man dressed up as a judge, at once dreadful and absurd to think of; a burlesque in the eyes of posterity, but awful as a vision in an apocalypse to those whom he frightened and he murdered.

We speak of the man whom, in spite of his attaining to higher titles, and by very reason, indeed, of the inapplicability of the term to the office which he abused, the world is in the habit of calling "*Judge Jeffreys*."

He lived in Duke-street, in a mansion, a remnant of which exists as a chapel of ease to St. Margaret's; and the least of his offences on record was his contriving to cheat the landlord. Mr. Woolrych, in his *Life of Jeffreys*, has thought it worth while to give a particular account of the affair; and indeed it is curious enough to merit repetition.

"Moses Pitt, a bookseller, brother of the Western Martyrologist (observes Mr. Woolrych), complains very strongly against his tenant, the Chancellor. This gentleman had been captivated by the boundless promises of building; and amongst other dwellings which he established in the vicinity of the Park, was one at the south end of Duke Street, of a superior order, which he let, with coach-house and stables, to the judge, at 300*l*. per annum. Jeffreys came with the rich Alderman Duncomb to see the house; and observing a vacant place of ground adjoining, he said he would have a cause-room (by which he meant a Chancery tribunal) built upon it. Pitt said that the ground was the King's property; but it was agreed that James should be im-

portuned for the gift of it, and that it should be made over to the builder by grant for ninety-nine years, at a peppercorn rent, in consideration of which the builder would erect the desired cause-room. It seems that, in addition to the court which was required, Mr. Pitt raised two large wings on either side of the Chancellor's house, which cost him altogether about 4,000*l*., and that his tenant never paid a farthing for the fitting-up of the new erections and the necessary offices which appertained to the cause-room.

"However, when the whole was finished, the promised grant was looked for very anxiously, and very respectfully demanded; but Jeffreys found means of evading the fulfilment of his pledge from time to time, till the architect's patience was exhausted, and King William had approached too near to render the Chancellor's downfall by any means equivocal. Finding his ruin at hand, and a speedy flight necessary, he sent for several tradesmen; and Mr. Pitt, the landlord, who had ever found him quite inaccessible, although a near neighbour, contrived to get into the great man's parlour, and there renewed personally his long-neglected claim. "I shall leave your house," quoth Jeffreys, "and I shall not take away the ground and building with me." This was the utmost indulgence of the answer. Half a year's rent was nearly due, but Mr. Pitt expressed himself much more anxiously respecting the grant than the payment of the arrears. The next day the Chancellor departed to the Jesuit Petre's lodging at Whitehall. It turned out that Sir Edward Hales, a vast favourite at court, the same who gained so great a triumph in behalf of the dispensing power, had begged away this ground from Jeffreys; so that the judge, perceiving how impossible it was to complete his contract, shuffled out of it in the best manner he was able.

"The history of the case was this: Pitt, when he received this promise from Jeffreys, discovered that John Webb, the King's fowl-keeper, had a grant of the land from Charles II. during life; and thereupon gave him a consideration for a great part of it. Then Sir Edward Hales got it from the King, which overturned the Chancellor's pledge; and though Sir Edward seems to have paid half a year's rent to Mr. Pitt as the landlord, refused all subsequent payment. This unfortunate architect and bookseller, after having spent 12,000*l*. in the improvement of buildings at Westminster, was thrown into prison, where he remained long enough to be sensible of the dreadful enormities which were perpetrated on the persons of poor debtors at that period.—(See his *Cry of the Oppressed*, in two parts.) He was a man of considerable enterprise, as may be collected from the statement already given; and, moreover, he took the theatre at Oxford for the purpose of printing his *Atlas*, in twelve volumes, folio: an undertaking which was fraught with ruin. Jeffreys's large house was let to the three Dutch ambassadors, who came from Holland to congratulate King William on

* *Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs.* By Letitia Matilda Hawkins. p. 800.

his accession in 1689. It was afterwards used for the Admiralty-office, until the middle of King William's reign.*

But what was a cheated landlord compared with murders and broken hearts? Jeffreys was the tool, and the delighted and exulting tool, with which James the Second wreaked his revenge against his enemies, after the revolt against Popery and tyranny in the West of England. He was a man of a bad blood, exasperated by disease and intemperance; a lover of executions; a trader in pardons; clever in his profession, but a fool at heart; abject to his superiors, when he knew them; insolent when he did not, till they rebuked him (and then he wept); cruel and trampling to his inferiors; sending men and women to their deaths with roaring triumph and remorseless jesting; rioting and getting drunk over night with wretches whom he loathed and spited next morning for having fondled them; then, going again to the bloody tribunal, and wreaking the rage of his nerves on the victims of his iniquity; going intoxicated even to Council, secure in the impunity of his cruel services; dancing (it is said) naked in his debauches; loud of voice, frightful of eye, worse, in brutal expression, about the mouth; a bully, a drunkard, and a ruffian; let us hope, a madman. His face was so terrible, that it was never forgotten; and this was the cause of his death; for it betrayed him during his flight from justice, to a man whom he had frightened. The man told of it to the mob, and the mob would have torn him to pieces, but for absolute charges of soldiery. He was carried to the Tower, and there died of fright and brandy, after suffering one of the most cruel deceptions which even himself could have invented; for, on receiving a barrel which he took for a present of oysters, and on which he congratulated himself as an evidence that he had still a friend left him in the world, he opened it, and found a halter.

"Jeffreys boasted," says our latest and best historian, "that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors together since the Conquest. It is certain that the number of persons whom he executed in one month, and in one shire, very much exceeded the number of all the political offenders who have been executed in our island since the Revolution."† They amounted to three hundred and twenty; most of them "men of blameless life, and of high religious profession." The number of prisoners whom he transported was eight hundred and forty-one. They were stowed so close under the hatches, in small vessels, that they lay upon one another, in the midst of everything horrible and offensive to think of; and Jeffreys knew what they would suffer. Gangs of them were granted to the Tories for sale; and the judge made a fortune out of pardon to the Whigs.

We had marked for extract into this place out of Mr. Macaulay's volumes, a Christmas anecdote of the ruffian; how apposite to the piety and charity of the season, the reader will judge. But as it is accompanied, not only by another anecdote which must be given, but by the historian's own masterly account of the judge's manners and character, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating the whole passage. Long as it is, our readers will more than excuse us: for those who have seen it before, will be glad to see it on that account; and the cheapness of this publication will carry it, we trust, into the hands of many thousands even of new readers.

"The depravity of this man," says Mr. Macaulay, "has passed into a proverb. Both the great English parties have attacked his memory with emulous vio-

lence: for the Whigs considered him as their most barbarous enemy; and the Tories found it convenient to throw on him the blame of all the crimes which had sullied their triumph. A diligent and candid inquiry will show that some frightful stories which have been told concerning him are false or exaggerated. Yet the dispassionate historian will be able to make a very little deduction from the vast mass of infamy with which the memory of the wicked judge has been loaded.

"He was a man of quick and vigorous parts, but constitutionally prone to insolence and to the angry passions. When just emerging from boyhood, he had risen into practice at the Old Bailey bar, a bar where advocates have always used a license of tongue unknown in Westminster Hall. Here, during many years, his chief business was to examine and cross-examine the most hardened miscreants of a great capital. Daily conflicts with prostitutes and thieves, called out and exercised his powers so effectually, that he became the most consummate bully ever known in his profession. All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, all sense of the becoming, were obliterated from his mind. He acquired a boundless command of the rhetoric in which the vulgar express hatred and contempt. The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary, could hardly have been rivalled in the fishmarket or the beargarden. His countenance and his voice must always have been unamiable. But these natural advantages,—for such he seems to have thought them,—he had improved to such a degree, that there were few who, in his paroxysms of rage, could see or hear him without emotion. Impudence and ferocity sat upon his brow. The glare of his eyes had a fascination for the unhappy victim on whom they were fixed. Yet his brow and his eye were said to be less terrible than the savage lines of his mouth. His yell of fury, as was said by one who had often heard it, sounded like the thunder of the judgment-day. These qualifications he carried, while still a young man, from the bar to the bench. He early became Common Serjeant and then Recorder of London. As a judge at the City sessions, he exhibited the same propensities which afterwards, in a higher post, gained for him an unenviable immortality. Already might be marked in him the most odious vice which is incident to human nature—a delight in misery merely as misery. There was a fiendish exultation in the way in which he pronounced sentence on offenders. Their weeping and imploring seemed to titillate him voluptuously; and he loved to scare them into fits, by dilating with luxuriant amplification on all the details of what they were to suffer. Thus, when he had an opportunity of ordering an unlucky adventurer to be whipped at the cart's tail, "Hangman!" he would exclaim, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady! Scourge her soundly, man. Scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas, a cold time for madam to strip in! See that you warm her shoulders thoroughly!" He was hardly less facetious when he passed judgment on poor Lodowick Muggleton, the drunken tailor, who fancied himself a prophet. "Impudent rogue!" roared Jeffreys, "thou shalt have an easy, easy, easy punishment!" One part of this easy punishment was the pillory, in which the wretched fanatic was almost killed with brickbats.

"His enemies could not deny that he possessed some of the qualities of a great judge. His legal knowledge, indeed, was merely such as he had picked up in practice of no very high kind. But he had one of those happily-constituted intellects which, across labyrinths of sophistry and through masses of immaterial facts, go straight to the true point. Of his intellect, however, he seldom had the full use. Even in civil causes, his malevolent and despotic temper perpetually dis-

* *Memoirs of the Life of Judge Jeffreys, sometime Lord High Chancellor of England.* By Humphry W. Woolrych. p. 286.

† *Macaulay's History of England, &c.* Vol. i. p. 640.

ordered his judgment. To enter his court was to enter the den of a wild beast which none could tame, and which was as likely to be roused to rage by caresses as by attacks. He frequently poured forth on plaintiffs and defendants, barristers and attorneys, witnesses and jurymen, torrents of frantic abuse, intermixed with oaths and curses. His looks and tones had inspired terror when he was merely a young advocate struggling into practice. Now that he was at the head of the most formidable tribunal in the realm, there were few indeed who did not tremble before him. Even when he was sober, his violence was sufficiently frightful. But generally his reason was overclouded, and his evil passions stimulated, by the fumes of intoxication. His evenings were ordinarily given to revelry. People who saw him only over his bottle would have supposed him to be a man gross indeed, sottish and addicted to low company and low merriment, but social and good-humoured. He was constantly surrounded on such occasions by buffoons selected, for the most part, from the vilest pettifoggers who practised before him. These men bantered and abused each other for his entertainment. He joined in their ribbald talk, sang catches with them, and, when his head grew hot, hugged and kissed them in an ecstasy of drunken fondness. But though wine at first seemed to soften his heart, the effect a few hours later was very different. He often came to the judgment-seat having kept the court waiting long, and yet having but half slept off his debauch, his cheeks on fire, his eyes staring like those of a maniac. When he was in this state, his boon companions of the preceding night, if they were wise, kept out of his way: for the recollection of the familiarity to which he had admitted them inflamed his malignity; and he was sure to take every opportunity of overwhelming them with execration and invective. Not the least odious of his many odious peculiarities was the pleasure he took in publicly mortifying those whom, in his fits of maudlin tenderness, he had encouraged to presume on his favour.

"The services which the Government had expected from him were performed, not merely without flinching, but eagerly and triumphantly. His first exploit was the judicial murder of Algernon Sidney. What followed was in perfect harmony with this beginning. Respectable Tories lamented the disgrace which the barbarity and indecency of so great a functionary brought upon the administration of justice. But the excesses which filled such men with horror, were titles to the esteem of James."

Luckily for the reputation of human nature, and of its incapability of unmingled wickedness, it is not denied that Jeffreys did really possess some human qualities and propensities. He was not penurious himself. He was no hypocrite. He could even serve a friend. He partook of Nero's regard for music. Nay, he is said to have married his first wife for affection. And it is added, that he was given to shedding tears. "He was very easily moved to tears," observes Mr. Macaulay. This remark is in a note upon a passage in which the historian gives an account of the judge endeavouring to bully the House of Lords when he was Chancellor: an attempt which was met with indignity and rebuke so unlooked for, that the offender "passed at once from the extreme of insolence to the extreme of meanness, and could not refrain from weeping with rage and vexation."* An anonymous writer, quoted by the historian, says, that Jeffreys "could not refrain from weeping on bold affronts. . . . They talk of his hectoring and proud carriage; what could be more humble than for a man in his great post to sob and cry?"

Thus we see to what his tears amounted. They were pure effusions of mortified self-love and pity. He

could plentifully pity himself, though he had no pity for others. Let us ask ourselves what sort of tears that man could and could not shed, of whom the following story could even be credited:—

Among those who suffered death during the judge's circuit in the west (which his unfeeling master delighted in calling "Jeffreys's Campaign"), was a young gentleman of the name of Battiscombe, "who, at Dorchester," says Mr. Macaulay, an "agreeable provincial town, proud of its taste and refinement, was regarded by all as the model of a fine gentleman. Great interest was made to save him. It was believed through the west of England that he was engaged to a young lady of gentle blood, the sister of the sheriff, that she threw herself at the feet of Jeffreys to beg for mercy, and that Jeffreys drove her from him with a jest so hideous, that to repeat it would be an offence 'gainst decency and humanity.'"

Enough. One's common nature shudders to read of such things, and tries to relieve itself by concluding that the wretch must have been mad. Nor do we think such conclusions either unfounded or dangerous. Madness, more or less, is but the want of due equilibrium in the faculties; and the more society becomes aware of this, the better it would guard against it, especially by a search into its first causes, which are probably to be found in unfitting marriages and early training; two abundant sources of mischief, neither of which is sufficiently considered; one of them, it may be said, never. The father of Jeffreys was a penurious country gentleman, who is said to have prophesied that his son would come to the gallows. Of his mother, we hear nothing. But suppose these two persons hated one another. It is not likely they could have loved, in any proper sense of the word. Suppose, at best, they never agreed; and that the son was brought up in discord and absurdity. We are aware that bad sons may come of good parents, and good sons of bad; but the chances are the other way; and deep and solemn is our conviction, that society will never come to the root of many of its most grievous calamities, till it has the courage to face this important question.

But to proceed. We shall meet this unhappy man again in a distant quarter of the metropolis, cowering before the dreadful eyes of the multitude. At present we remain on his premises in Duke-street, where his only son, the first and last inheritor of his title, is said to have lived after him. It was during Prior's residence, perhaps, in the street; and they may have been acquainted, for a copy of verses attributed to him were found among the poet's papers. He is reputed to have had a taste for letters, but to have led a profligate life, and died of intemperance like his father. Nothing else is related of him, but a story of his having interfered, during a drunken frolic, with the funeral of Dryden; which he proposed, it is said, in his drunkenness, to render more splendid, and then, when he became sober, ignored. But it is believed to have been the invention of some scribblers of the day, to sell a pamphlet. Malone's opinion, which seems confirmed by an eye-witness, is, that there was really an interference on the part of Jeffreys, but only in common with other friends of the poet, and all in sobriety and honour, and to the substantial improvement of the ceremony.†

This John, Lord Jeffreys (for such was his name), married an heiress of the Pembroke family, and left an infant daughter, who became Countess of Pomfret, and was the author of the best letters in the correspondence that passed between her and her friend the Countess of Hartford (Swift's Duchess of Somerset).‡ Granger

* *Id.* Vol. i. p. 642.

† See Woolrych, as before, p. 409; and Walter Scott's *Dryden*, Vol. i. p. 440, and Vol. xviii. p. 200.

‡ Published in 1805, by Phillips, in three volumes.

* Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. ii. p. 34.

says, that she was once insulted by the populace on the Western-road, "only because she was the granddaughter of the inhuman Jeffreys.*" The blood of the family certainly appears to have become sweetened in her person; for she was amiable as well as intelligent, extorting even the praise of Horace Walpole, who grudged her the possession of a little more scholarship than ladies are encouraged to cultivate. It was she who presented the University of Oxford with the portion of the Arundel Marbles that had been purchased by her husband's father.

THE SNOW-STORM.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

"I CAN bear it no longer, wife—the piteous moaning of that child rives my heart: I *will* set out, while it is yet light, and fetch help, if help is to be had from man; though it is upon God alone that we maun mainly trust."

"Weel, Malcolm, weel—sae be it! The pair bairn maun e'en hae help. But oh! it's an eerie nicht without. The lift's heavy and black, and I fear a storm's brewin'—sae mak haste, an' a' may be weel yet."

The moan of a child was heard wailing through the little chamber; at which the mother hastened to its side, and tried to soothe it by kind words and caresses. But the child only moaned, and convulsively stretched out its little hands as if in agony.

"Heaven help the pair wee lambie!" she sobbed, gazing on the child sorrowfully. "Far from frien's, and far from help!"

"No; help *shall* be found yet, Alice! Cheer up; it may be but a sma' thing after a'. I'll fetch a doctor from the town; and—down, Lauth, down!—keep the dog beside you; he'll be better company than nane. Down, I say, down!"

His thick plaid was now about his shoulders—his bonnet firm set upon his head, and affectionately embracing his wife, with a stout staff and a strong heart, he strode out into the night.

The wind was howling down the gullies of the hills, driving before it a congealed mist, which blew through the air, and scarcely yet touched the ground, hard with frost. As he turned the dyke-corner, the blast seized him like some fury, and had almost driven him back, but he wrestled onward along the path down the glen. The mountains behind looked black, and their heads were lost in the thick darkness which brooded over them. The clouds scudded across the sky overhead, which was becoming rapidly overcast, and the light was fast disappearing. As Malcolm turned out of the little valley, in the hollow of which his hut lay sheltered, he looked behind, and the light of the lamp, already trimmed by faithful Alice, looked bright and cheerful. But he averted his gaze, and strode on again, breasting the storm, which became more violent at every step.

He had now the long moor to cross, every inch of which was familiar to him from a child: he knew its every hollow, and bog, and cairn, and knoll—each stunted bush and briary thicket; and more than all, the wimpling burn where he had played so often in his boyish sports. But, somehow, he had never crossed it before so sad at heart. A nameless dread accompanied him, that seemed to whirl and eddy above his head and about his heart—a dreary, undefinable sensation of fear or awe, or both combined—a confused impression of the terrible and sorrowful, akin to the wild fury of the hurricane, and the moaning, howling gusts that swept across the waste. But still he pressed on, striking his staff into the ground, drawing his plaid more closely around him, and grappling with the tempest against which he made his way.

The snow was now falling thick, though on more exposed spots it was whirled away on the blast and drifted into the deep hollows, where it lay, or eddied behind the projecting spurs of the hills, or behind the cairns and knolls along the waste, where it gathered up into huge mounds of white. The air was thick with the drift, which beat upon the traveller's face, and the hurricane howled about him, until his senses became confused, stupified, and reeling. He no longer saw the road before him, but trusting to his intimate knowledge of it, he felt his way warily with his staff; but at length that too failed him, the fallen snow concealing the road, whose hard beat he could no longer detect, except in exposed places here and there, now becoming fewer as the snow fell more rapidly, without any abatement in the fury of the storm. The wind seemed now to beat the snow into the earth as it fell, and while it eddied the fierce flakes far and wide around, it had no longer power to wield the accumulated mass which now lay spread over the moor at every part.

Still he sped on, with a stout heart, praying inwardly for help as one in great peril and danger. Confused though he was, he lost not courage: the woman's face he had left behind, by the ingle in the lone hut, lighted him on, and nerved him to renewed efforts. For more than an hour he has thus wrestled; and by this time he must, if in the right path, have struck into the beaten high road leading to the little town for which he was journeying. It is true, he had lost note of time, from the hissing fury of the elements around him; but still he felt that he must now be near his destination, or—he knew not where!

But hark! what is that? He can see nothing, but he feels that he is descending a rapid steep, and he hears rising far above the roar of the wind, the thunderous rush of waters, and the shriek of the tempest howling through some rifted channel. Then he thinks that he discerns through the flaky gloom the swollen and impetuous river luring him on to his destruction. He starts back! a few more steps, and he would have been swept away, and the lone watcher's heart-light extinguished for ever. He now feels that he has lost his road! and on such a night! and on such an errand! Poor Alice, weep for him now! thy child moaning in pain, thy husband on the verge of death. But no; he loses not heart yet. He turns back on the road he has come, retraces his steps, tries to feel his way in the dark by the aid of his staff—every few steps halting to discern again the roar of the waters which he had just escaped.

He now tried to recollect himself of the direction in which he had come—that boiling, surging whirlpool, on whose brink he had just stood, must be the tiny stream—the wimpling burn of the summer-time, but how swollen and distorted now! So, then; by keeping to the right, wide of the stream, he must yet strike the high road, not very far from where he then was. He strode on—now into a snow-drift, out of which he struggled and toiled before it had enveloped him in its folds; then, fetching a compass, he endeavoured to reach the point beyond it, eager, if possible, to keep a straight line in the direction in which he imagined the high-road now lay; but, in so many turnings and windings, he again became more confused than ever, and an hour's struggling seemed to bring him no nearer deliverance from the perils of the storm. His spirits drooped. He was exhausted, weary, and sick at heart. His ears rang, his eyes swam, and he sank down in a sheltered spot under cover of a snow-drift. Fatal rest; yet how sweet! A delicious calm steals over his senses; in fancy he hears the murmur of the summer breeze, the rustling of the waving fern, and the lark's ravishing song pouring from the silver-lined cloud; he is steeped in oblivion, and time and life and its cares are at once blotted from his memory.

But hark! the sharp, loud barking of a dog draws

* *Biograph. History*, as before, Vol. vi. p. 112.

near! It is Lauth, honest Lauth, who runs up to his numbed and fast-expiring master, seizes his plaid with his teeth, as if to waken him up, lies down upon him, licks his hands and face, then barks again, and pulls at his garment. Malcolm slowly rouses himself from his stupor, the presence of the dog reminding him of the cause of his being there, and suddenly he starts again to his feet, and grasps his staff. He is numbed and stiff, but, thank God! awake. He shakes the snow from about him, the dog wagging his tail and barking the while, and then the pair set forth once more.

The storm has now somewhat subsided—the wind has gone down—and only the roaring of the angry waters, still close at hand, is distinctly heard. Malcolm again set forward in the direction in which the town must lie; and the faint moonlight now enabled him to avoid the deeper snow-drifts with comparatively small difficulty. Lauth's bark was now echoed or responded to, not far off. He listened, and knew the friendly sound. It proceeded from the herdsman's hut on the moor's edge, and now he knew directly where he was. A few minutes brought him to the high-road.

But now a new terror haunted his mind. What of the cottage in the howe of the glen, where he had left his Alice watching over the sick child, and, doubtless, now anxiously waiting his return? Would not the drift lie deep there? He shuddered to think of this; and when he saw how thick the snow lay along the highway—so thick that he had to skirt it about, and fetch a long compass to reach the little town, whose twinkling lights were now in sight—he feared the return home would be almost as difficult as the outward journey. But leaving him to find the doctor, and make his way back to the hut as he best can, we now return to Alice, who is holding her night-watch in her lonely cottage among the hills.

Scarcely had Malcolm departed than she felt a sudden sinking of the heart; and a sense of awe and dread came over her. She had often been left alone before, on nights as rude as this, when Malcolm was out tending the sheep, or watching them to their folds; but she remembered no such fear and anxiety on his account. She was nervous and alarmed by the state of her child, and all things presented themselves to her now in an aspect of gloom. The howling of the wind, also, had now become fearful; and it swept down the glen in furious gusts, driving clouds of snow-drift before it.

The hut was placed in a sheltered spot, near the bottom of the valley, protected on its western side by a huge crag, which broke the force of the wind which raged along the glen from that quarter. But this very circumstance rendered it more liable to the drift, which eddied around the little cottage, and soon wrapt it in its fleecy folds. Some gusts, fiercer than the rest, had, in their wild eddyings, struck the cabin door, and, through its chinks, driven the fleecy shower into the very centre of the apartment. Looking at the little window, she saw that it was now battered with snow, and that the drift was already gathering round her dwelling. She shuddered to think of her husband, contending with the fury of the elements without, and bethought her of at once sending after him old Lauth, a sagacious brute, who still lay whining at the door, and occasionally scratching at it with his paws. She at once proceeded to open the door—Lauth springing up, wagging his tail—and, swinging it back, she pointed with her finger down the glen, and said, "Seek him, Lauth! seek him!" The affectionate animal needed no encouragement; he bounded off, and was soon lost amid the fleecy drifts which whirled along the valley.

The night wore on slowly; the wife was now no less anxious for her husband's fate than for her child's. The little sufferer still moaned, but he slept; and she

was thankful. She sat over the fire, rocking to and fro, and moaning her regrets to the night. Now she would sit and listen. It was an approaching voice—no! it was only the rattle of the cottage pane;—or was that Lauth's bark? No! it was only the screeching of the wind over the rude chimney-top. Or, hark! was that the tread of feet? Ah, no! the snow now lies thick—it was only the crackling of the sand under the wooden stool on which she sits rocking and moaning.

Malcolm comes not. The night passes wearily by. Occasionally she falls into a doze, and starts up at the fancied sound of voices. The little sufferer is quiet; he breathes more easily—but Malcolm!—where is *he*? And so the long night passes; and at length a feeble glimmer of light peers through the cottage window, but it is thick with snow, and nothing is to be seen beyond it. She opens the cottage door; and a solid mass of snow blocks up the opening! The hut is buried, and, from the smoke which has been accumulating in the apartment, she fears the chimney is becoming choked. In this dilemma, what is she to do? Low though the chimney was, its upper opening was quite beyond her reach, and there seemed no chance of escape for the inmates, save to let the turf fire go out entirely; and this while the hut lay enveloped in snow!

Her heart now sank, and her hopes gave way altogether. She and her dear infant must thus perish in the slow agonies of cold and hunger! Malcolm must have been lost in this fearful storm, else he would have been here long ago! Why should she wish to survive? This home, where they had known joy and sorrow together—which had been their bridal-house—would now be her tomb. She clasped her child to her bosom: he looked up, and smiled in her face; her tears fell fast; she was choking: she was giddy and almost unconscious. Was it the fumes of the peat, or the cold now stealing upon her? Ha! thank Heaven! there is the sound of voices! and that, oh! Lauth's honest bark! It was almost too much joy to bear! She and her child would be rescued yet! There were many voices, but they sounded remote—deadened by the mass of snow which imbedded the hut.

But the sound comes nearer and nearer! It is now close at hand—it is at the door; and she hears Malcolm's voice above all—"Alice! Alice! dear Alice!" She tried to call out it his name; she tried to shriek; but her voice stuck in her throat. He shouted louder; but no response. The door bursts open—Malcolm rushes in,—and, making a last effort, she rises to meet him; and in another second she staggers into his open arms with her infant burden.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated. "She is saved; and the dear child too!" The fresh breath of air, and the help of the doctor, now at hand, soon revived them both; and, in a few hours, the friendly shepherds, with their spades, had cleared the shieling of its drift, and left the loving pair full of deep gratitude for their providential deliverance from the dangers of the fearful SNOW-STORM.

New Books Speaking for Themselves.

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE. By MR. M. A. TITMARSH. Smith, Elder & Co.

DRINKING THE WATERS IN GERMANY.

With the early morning everybody rises, and makes his or her appearance at the springs, where they partake of water with a wonderful energy and perseverance. They say that people get to be fond of this water at last; as to what tastes cannot men accustom themselves? I drank a couple of glasses of an abominable sort of feeble salts, in a state of very gentle effervescence; but though there was a very pretty girl who served it, the drink was abominable, and it was marvellous to see the various toppers, who tossed off glass

after glass, which the fair-haired little Hebe delivered sparkling from the well.

Seeing my wry face, old Captain Carver expostulated, with a jolly twinkle of his eye, as he absorbed the contents of a sparkling crystal beaker. "Pooh! take another glass, sir; you'll like it better and better every day. It refreshes you, sir; it fortifies you; and as for liking it—gad! I remember the time when I didn't like claret. Times are altered now, ah! ha! Mrs. Fantail, madam, I wish you very good morning. How is Fantail? He don't come to drink the water; so much the worse for him."

To see Mrs. Fantail of an evening is to behold a magnificent sight. She ought to be shown in a room by herself; and, indeed, would occupy a moderate-sized one with her person and adornments. Marie Antoinette's hoop is not bigger than Mrs. Fantail's flounces. Twenty men, taking hands (and, indeed, she likes to have at least that number about her), would scarcely encompass her. Her chestnut ringlets spread out in a halo round her face: she must want two or three coiffeurs to arrange that prodigious head-dress; and then, when it is done, how can she endure that extraordinary gown. Her travelling band-boxes must be as large as omnibuses.

But see Mrs. Fantail in the morning; having taken in all sail; the chestnut curls having disappeared, and two limp bands of brown hair over her lean, sallow face, and you see before you an ascetic, a nun, a woman worn by mortifications, of a sad yellow aspect, drinking salts at the well; a vision quite different from that rapturous one of the previous night's ball-room. No wonder Fantail does not come out of a morning, he had rather not see such a Rebecca at the well.

Lady Kicklebury came for some mornings pretty regularly, and was very civil to Mr. Leader, and made Miss Fanny drink when his lordship took a cup, and asked Lord Talboys and his tutor to dinner. But the tutor came, blushing, brought an excuse from Talboys; and poor Milliken had not a very pleasant evening after Mr. Baring Leader rose to go away.

But though the water was not good, the sun was bright, the music cheery, the landscape fresh and pleasant, and it was always amusing to see the vast varieties of our human species that congregated at the springs, and trudged up and down the green allées. One of the gambling conspirators of the roulette-table it was good to see here in his private character, drinking down pints of salts like any other sinner, having a homely wife on his arm, and between them a poodle on which they lavished their tenderest affection. You see these people care for other things besides trumps; and are not always thinking about black and red:—as even ogres are represented, in their histories, as of cruel natures, and licentious appetites, and, to be sure, fond of eating men and women; but yet it appears that their wives often respected them, and they had a sincere liking for their own hideous children. And, besides the card-players, there are band-players: every now and then a fiddle from the neighbouring orchestra, or a disorganized bassoon, will step down and drink a glass of the water, and jump back into his rank again.

Then come the burly troops of English, the honest lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen, with their wives and buxom daughters, and stout sons, that, almost grown to the height of manhood, are boys still, with rough wide-awake hats and shooting-jackets, full of lark and laughter. A French boy of sixteen has had *des passions* ere that time very likely, and is already particular in his dress, an ogler of the women, and preparing to kill. Adolphe says to Alphonse—"La voilà, cette charmante Miss Fanni, la belle Kicklebury; je te donne, ma paole, elle est fraîche comme une rose; la crois-tu riche, Alphonse?" "Je me range, mon ami, vois-tu; la vie de garçon me père. Ma paole d'honneur je me range."

And he gives Miss Fanny a killing bow, and a glance that seems to say, "Sweet Anglaise, I know that I have won your heart."

Then, besides the young French brick, whom we will willingly suppose harmless, you see specimens of the French raff, who goes *aux eaux*, gambler, speculator, sentimentalist, duellist, travelling with madame, his wife, at whom other raffs nod and wink familiarly. This rogue is much more picturesque and civilized than the similar person in our own country: whose manners betray the stable; who never reads anything but *Bell's Life*; and who is much more at ease in conversing with a groom than with his employer. Here comes Mr. Boucher and Mr. Fowler: better to gamble

for a score of nights with honest Monsieur Lenoir, than to sit down in private once with those gentlemen. But we have said that their profession is going down, and the number of Greeks daily diminishes. They are travelling with Mr. Bloundell, who was a gentleman once, and still retains about him some faint odour of that time of bloom; and Bloundell has put himself on young Lord Talboys, and is trying to get some money out of that young nobleman. But the English youth of the present day is a wide-awake youth, and male or female artifices are expended pretty much in vain on our young travelling companion.

Who come yonder? Those two fellows whom we met at the table d'hôte, at the Hotel de Russie, the other day; gentlemen of splendid costume, and yet questionable appearances, the elder of whom called for the list of wines, and cried out loud enough for all the company to hear, "Lafitte, six florins. Arry, shall we have some Lafitte? You don't mind? No more do I then. I say, waiter, let's ave pint of ordinaire." Truth is stronger than fiction. You, good fellow, whoever you are, why did you ask Arry to have that pint of ordinaire in the presence of your obedient servant? How could we do otherwise than chronicle the speech?

And see; here is a lady who is doubly desirous to be put into print, who encourages it and invites it. It appears that on Sankin's first arrival at Noirbourg with his travelling companion, a certain sensation was created in the little society, by the rumour that an emissary of the famous Mr. Punch had arrived in the place; and, as we were smoking the cigar of peace on the lawn after dinner, looking on at the benevolent pretty scene, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Hopkins, and the excellent head of the family, walked many times up and down before us, eyed us severely, face to face, and then walking away, shot black, fierce glances at us, in the Parthian manner; and at length, at the third or fourth turn, and when we could not but overhear her so fine a voice, Mrs. Hopkins looks at us steadily, and says, "I'm sure he may put me in if he likes: I don't care."

O, ma'am! O, Mrs. Hopkins, how should a gentleman who had never seen your face, or heard you before, want to put you in? What interest can the British public have in you? But as you wish it, and court publicity, here you are. Good luck go with you, madam. I have forgotten your real name, and should not know you again if I saw you. But why could you not leave a man alone to take his coffee, and smoke his pipe in quiet?

THE MOORLAND COTTAGE, by the AUTHOR OF MARY BARTON.
London: Chapman & Hall.

A LOVE SCENE.

One summer's day, as hot as day could be, Maggie had been busy all morning; for the weather was so sultry that she would not allow either Nancy or her mother to exert themselves much. She had gone down with the old brown pitcher, coöval with herself, to the spring for water; and while it was trickling, and making a tinkling music, she sat down on the ground. The air was so still that she heard the distant wood-pigeons cooing; and round about her the bees were murmuring busily among 'he clustering heath. From some little touch of sympathy with these low sounds of pleasant harmony, she began to try and hum some of Erminia's airs. She never sang out loud, or put words to her songs; but her voice was very sweet, and it was a great pleasure to herself to let it go into music. Just as her jug was filled, she was startled by Frank's sudden appearance. She had thought he was at Cambridge, and from some cause or other, her face, usually so faint in colour, became the most vivid scarlet. They were both too conscious to speak. Maggie stooped (murmuring some words of surprise) to take up her pitcher.

"Don't go yet, Maggie," said he, putting his hand on hers to stop her; but, somehow, when that purpose was effected, he forgot to take it off again. "I have come all the way from Cambridge to see you. I could not bear suspense any longer. I grew so impatient for certainty of some kind, that I went up to town last night, in order to feel myself on my way to you, even though I knew I could not be here a bit earlier to-day for doing so. Maggie,—dear Maggie! how you are trembling! Have I frightened you? Nancy told me you were here; but it was very thoughtless to come so suddenly upon you."

It was not the suddenness of his coming; it was the suddenness of her own heart, which leaped up with the feelings

called out by his words. She went very white, and sat down on the ground as before. But she rose again immediately, and stood, with drooping, averted head. He had dropped her hand, but now sought to take it again.

"Maggie, darling, may I speak?" Her lips moved, he saw, but he could not hear. A pang of affright ran through him that, perhaps, she did not wish to listen. "May I speak to you?" he asked again, quite timidly. She tried to make her voice sound, but it would not; so she looked round. Her soft gray eyes were eloquent in that one glance. And happier than his words, passionate and tender as they were, could tell, he spoke till her trembling was changed into bright, flashing blushes, and even a shy smile hovered about her lips, and dimpled her cheeks.

The water bubbled over the pitcher unheeded. At last she remembered all the work-a-day world. She lifted up the jug, and would have hurried home, but Frank decidedly took it from her.

"Henceforward," said he, "I have a right to carry your burdens." So with one arm round her waist, and with the other carrying the water, they climbed the steep turf slope. Near the top she wanted to take it again.

"Mama will not like it. Mama will think it so strange."

"Why, dearest, if I saw Nancy carrying it up this slope I would take it from her. It would be strange if a man did not carry it for any woman. But you must let me tell your mother of my right to help you. It is your dinner-time, is it not? I may come in to dinner as one of the family, may not I, Maggie?"

"No," she said softly. For she longed to be alone; and she dreaded being overwhelmed by the expression of her mother's feelings, weak and agitated as she felt herself. "Not to-day."

"Not to-day!" said he, reproachfully. "You are very hard upon me. Let me come to tea. If you will, I will leave you now. Let me come to early tea. I must speak to my father. He does not know that I am here. I may come to tea. At what time is it? Three o'clock. Oh, I know you drink tea at some strange early hour; perhaps it is at two. I will take care to be in time."

"Don't come till five, please. I must tell mama; and I want some time to think. It does seem so like a dream. Do go, please."

"Well! if I must, I must. But I don't feel as if I were in a dream, but in some real blessed heaven, so long as I see you."

At last he went. Nancy was awaiting Maggie, at the side-gate.

"Bless us and save us, bairn! what a time it has taken thee to get the water! Is the spring dry with the hot weather?"

Original Poetry.

THE ANGEL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was about the feast of Christmas-tide,
When gentle love should tread on human pride,
That Alfred, our great Saxon hero, lay
Conceal'd within the isle of Athelney.

The island was a lonely spot of ground,
By quaking marshes and dark bogs shut round;
A grudging piece of earth, which only bore
Fang'd briars, and moss, and grasses lank and poor.
Look where you would, no sight could you descry
But the black fens, and the void wastes of sky,
And the dull river, always loitering by.

Alfred,—constrain'd by fate himself to hide
From the Dane's legions, thick on every side,—
In this bare isle, and in as bare a hut,
With a few comrades, and his Queen, was shut.
The iron winter stab'd them with its sword:
Coarse were their robes and meagre was their board—
Bread, and the flesh of fowls, bitter and harsh,
Caught with sore travail in the reedy marsh.

The King, in this poor dwelling, sat one night
Intently reading by a feeble light.
His friends had all gone forth, seeking for prey,
Like hunted beasts that dare not walk by day;

And there was quiet all about the isle.—
In sacred peace sat Alfred for a while,
Until a knocking at the door, at last,
Snapp'd short the silence. The King rose, and pass'd
Straight to the threshold, and beheld an old
And ragged Pilgrim standing in the cold,
Who said,—“Lo, here upon this ground I die
For very hunger, unless presently
Thou giv'st me food! It is a grievous way
That I have footed since the dawn of day;
And now I stagger, like a man in drink,
For weariness, and I must shortly sink.
The stinging marsh-dews clasp me round like Death,
And my brain darkens, and I lose my breath.”

“Now, God be thank'd!” cried Alfred, “that He sends
To one poor man a poorer! Want makes friends
Of its own fellows, when the alien rich
Fear its accusing rags, and in some ditch
Huddle it blindly.—I have little bread,—
One loaf for many mouths; but He who fed
With five loaves and two fish five thousand men,
Will not leave us to perish in this den.”

And with these words he brought the loaf which lay
Alone between them and a slow decay;
All that might save them, in that desert place,
From the white Famine that makes blank the face;—
And, breaking it, gave half to the old man.

Lo, ere the sharpest eye could difference scan
“Twixt light and dark, the Pilgrim standing there
Vanish'd,—and seem'd to empty all the air
From earth to heaven. But the bread was left;
And Alfred, of his reason nigh bereft,
Rush'd out, and stared across the level fen.
No human shape was there, nor trace of men;
But, smooth, and void, and dark, burdening the eye,
The great blank marsh answer'd the great blank sky.
The ghostly bitter clang'd among the reeds,
And stir'd, unseen, the ever-drowsy weeds
Of the morass; but all beside was dead,—
And a dull stupor fell on Alfred's head.

He stumbled to the house,—and sleep was strong
And dark upon his eyelids; but, ere long,
An Angel, with a face placid and bright,
Fill'd all the caverns of his brain with light,
“I am the Pilgrim,” said this shape. “I came
To try thy heart, and found it free from blame:
Wherefore, I'll make thee great above thy foes,
And like a planet that still speeds and glows,
Dancing along the centuries for ever.
But thou must aid me with all hard endeavour;
And when thou hast regain'd thy crown and state,
Make them no objects of a nation's hate.
Let men behold, within thy sheltering bower,
The tranquil aspects of benignant Power,—
Love arm'd with strength; and lop thou, with firm hand,
That many-headed Hunger in thy land,
Which casts its shadow on the golden walls
Of the too-prosperous, feasting in their halls.
Make God thy God—not pleasure lightly flown;
And love thy people better than thy throne.
So shall all men forget their ravening maws,
Under the even music of thy laws.”

The vision faded, like a subtle bloom,
As the still dawn was whitening all the room:
And Alfred, starting up, with staring eyes,
Saw his friends round him, laden with supplies;—
Who told him that the Danes had fallen back
Before the vigour of a firm attack;
And that the people, gathering up their heart,
Call'd loudly for their King to act his part,
And take his sceptre and his throne again,—
Now doubly his through wisdom born of pain.

E. O.

The Weekly Nobelst.

IV.

THE PASSING CLOUD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JOHN ACKERLOS.

"NAY, wife, I cannot bear to think of it; that old friends and old acquaintances should be so cut up. And at our time of life, too. Ay, and Christmas coming on! Maybe it is a wicked thought, but I would rather be in my grave in Threpleton churchyard than face Christmas-tide with such enmity in our hearts. And with Mark Watson, of all men in the world, who for—ay, wife, for forty years, has always, as boy and man, with his father before him, and since with his own children, spent Christmas in this house. What a Christmas we had of it last year! and this—nay, I cannot face it, I cannot bear it: I think it will break my heart."

So spoke old John Thompson, as he sat smoking his evening pipe, at the close of an October day. He gazed moodily in the fire, and the tears stood in his eye as he finished his monologue. His wife, a neat, good-looking gentlewoman of some threescore years, occupied the opposite side of the capacious fire-place, and answered his regrets with a long-drawn sigh. A melancholy silence followed, until the old-fashioned clock chimed the Hundredth Psalm for five minutes, and then struck ten, when both went sorrowfully and silently to bed.

Well might John Thompson look gloomily on the coming Christmas; well might he cast a regretful eye upon the past. For in the interval a storm of anxieties and trials had come upon him. Between his family and that of his oldest and dearest friend, a bitter quarrel had sprung up, with no apparent chance of a reconciliation; and three of the children he had watched over for years, and reared with love and care, had left him; two to launch into the troubles of life, and begin the world on their own account, and one, a fair and good daughter, to seek the repose which belongs to this world.

John Thompson was the patriarch of Threpleton. He was its "ablest" man, as the people there called it, and employed upon his land and in his woollen mill one-half of the whole population of the village. He lived, too, at the manor-house—a brave old capacious building, covered with ivy, with massively mullioned windows, a very labyrinth of winding passages, rooms of all sizes, from the great painted dining-room, where fifty people could be seated at once, to the little oak-panelled parlour in which he sat smoking when first introduced to our readers. There was an old chapel, too, which was now a barn, and a ruined watch-tower, which was a landmark in the valleys. A confused pile of outhouses lay huddled behind it, and the farm lands sloped upward till they joined the moorland. In the front a deep-sunk ha-ha fence formed a picturesque rampart to the village.

His father had been a farmer in the valley, and had left John well to do in the world. John had followed farming successfully, but when the woollen trade sprang up in his locality, he had built a mill and reaped a handsome fortune from his enterprise. Not unworthily however, as too many such fortunes have been reaped. He was not the mere employer of his workpeople, bidding them down to the lowest rate of wages compatible with subsistence. But as a father, using them for mutual advantage, he not only gave them the highest remuneration in his power, but kept an eye over their gratifications at pleasure times, and their household comforts at all seasons. Hence, there was no man in England more beloved than was John Thompson in his native village of Threpleton. When about eighteen, John had gone over the high hill-tops

every Sunday to court his present wife, the daughter of a farmer in a neighbouring valley, and when, at three-and-twenty, he was master of himself, of Threpleton farm, and of its manor-house, he brought her over the hills one spring morning as his wife. There she had remained, a faithful companion, and had borne him many children. The three eldest had not survived infancy or youth. The fourth child was now the eldest son and heir, and was called John, after his father. He was a generous, hot-tempered, high-mettled fellow, whose ambition was to be a fine old English gentleman of the ancient school. The fifth child was Mary, who in her twenty-fifth year had gone into a consumption, and had been laid at rest among the daisies in Threpleton churchyard, under the great willow in the corner that overhangs the sun-dial. The sixth, Julia, was the very counterpart of John, the eldest—a laughing, witty, goodnatured, mischievous girl, who had fallen in love with a London gentleman that came into Threpleton on business twice a year, and with her father's warmest blessing had been carried off by him last New Year's Day, and had, only a week ago, made John Thompson a grandfather. The seventh was a son, Edward, who was of a roving disposition, but a good young man in the main. The youngest child was now about one-and-twenty, by name Walter, but being spare and delicate, was generally called little Wat. He was the manufacturer of the family, and was always inventing some new crank or wheel down at the mill. He had also a library and laboratory at the house, and spent his evenings in reading learned tomes, electrifying such of the family as had a taste that way, taking observations of the stars, and lighting his chamber with gases of his own creation. Such was John Thompson's family, and had you seen them all together last Christmas-tide, you would have said that England never boasted of a handsomer or happier family.

Old Thompson had gone to school with Mark Watson, who came of a farming family in the village, and a strong friendship between them had lasted from boyhood up to the beginning of the year in which the incidents we have to narrate occurred. They made it a practice to spend Christmas together at the manor-house; and as their families grew up, they joined also in the perennial friendship and the yearly merry-makings. Mark had two unmarried daughters, several sons married with families; but his wife was dead. Isabel, the eldest, was a handsome, high-spirited girl, carrying energy of character to the farthest extent compatible with feminine qualities. She had grown up as the understood property of young John Thomson; and as far as similarity of disposition and tastes were concerned they were admirably adapted to each other. Sophia, the younger, was a pallid beauty, with a brow worthy of Minerva, and one of those quiet, modest, gentle souls which are apt to accompany the union of a delicate temperament with a reflecting mind. Every body except little Wat said she would never be married, she was too clever; but Wat always maintained she was worth all the young women in Threpleton put together.

But it is time that I should tell you more completely about the troubles that had come over these families. They were all together on Christmas-day 1844, and danced Sir Roger de Coverley on the white flags of the kitchen, till no one could dance any longer. Every body that saw young John Thompson with Isabel Watson, especially those who saw him steal his arm round her arm and kiss her as they passed under the great mistletoe in a country dance, said they would make a noble pair; and the old cook (she had had four glasses of spiced wine) even went the length of wishing them much happiness. Poor Mary was not strong enough to dance, but she sat and laughed and watched them, and talked about joining them next year. Julia and her lover were in the highest spirits. Ned let off fireworks, managed the snap-dragon and sang all the

comic songs that he could remember, till he even began to sing some for the third time; and little Wat sat with the sage Sophia concocting scientific amusements, magic lanterns, illuminations, &c., for the score of nephews and nieces of his fair companion. Such had been the scene at Christmas, in the said year 1844; and yet, alas! in the subsequent October, old Thompson was expatiating on such matters with sighs and sorrow, just as we have seen him doing at the beginning of this history.

Now the following were the occurrences, by which a vicissitude so unlooked for had resulted. On 1st January 1845, Julia was married; and this, of course, with his full consent and his blessing. Here, nevertheless, began trouble the first. He had no one now to sing to him; no one to make mirth for him; for Mary had been ever sedate, and was now too ill. Then, in March, Edward resolved on going to sea; he had often talked of it, but now he would go; and as he had never done any good at farming or manufacturing his father consented, and he went to India, and no one knew when he would return. Trouble the second. John's mind, however, was vigorous and healthy, and he submitted to these losses, trying as they might be, as to so many matters of course. But in May, just when the blossom came out upon the hawthorn, poor Mary took to her bed, and in three weeks died. Trouble the third, and a truly great one. The ground now, indeed, began to seem as if breaking up beneath him. He felt how bitter it was to see the past glide from him, and heed not the feverish clutches he made to detain it, were it only for an instant. Still, the fine old fellow had John and little Wat left him; and he tried as hard as he could to be of opinion, that as John was about to bring home a wife, the Future promised some amends for the Present and the Past. The worst, however, had not yet come.

Mark Watson's commercial affairs had long been in a doubtful condition. Like his friend, he had built a woollen factory: but unlike his friend's lot in such matters, ill-luck had attended all his speculations. He was not extravagant, nor was he reckless; but, somehow or other, all the bad debts seemed to fall on him. Shortly after Mary's death Mark had to call his creditors together. John gave him money sufficient to pay their demands in full, but with his usual sagacity he perceived the folly of recommencing the business. Mark agreed with his friend's reasoning. He gave up the mill, and was reduced to a mere farmer, at a period when agriculture produced but sorry returns. He was thus struck down from a man of consequence in Threpleton, to one among many who found it difficult to keep their heads above water. John Thompson felt this as deeply as if it had fallen on himself; but he felt one thing in addition, worse than all. Mark's temper had become soured with his misfortunes. Ill-hap comes sore to the old, to whom habit has become not second nature, but nature itself. Mark was not only melancholy and querulous; he even hinted that Thompson advised his going out of business, in order to avoid being called upon to advance the money for keeping him in it. This was ungenerous, as not only had John saved Mark from the *Gazette*, but all Mark's sons were at that moment trading on his capital. This hurt Thompson greatly; but he only said, "Poor Mark has had much to go through; and when a man is in trouble he says more than he means." But even yet he had not seen the worst. They were good friends still, and Mark came up regularly twice or thrice a week to smoke a pipe and have a chat with him. This, however, was not to last. Two months after Mark Watson's failure, one Sunday, when service was over, John stepped across the aisle to shake hands with Mark and his daughter, but was surprised, nay, horrified, to see him bristle up with anger, and spurn him as an unknown intruder, or a known enemy. John rubbed

his eyes with astonishment, so bewildered was he. He looked again, but it was too true, the Watsons, all stalked out of the church, elaborately cutting the Thompsons. Even the gentle Sophia kept her eyes on the ground, and did not give a smile to little Wat. Death itself, and the anguish of parting, were light to this new calamity. Surprise alone prevented John from weeping in the open churchyard before all the people. He could hardly walk to the manor-house. Of course they all began talking about it at dinner; and every one noticed that young Thompson coloured very deeply when it was mentioned. But the father, with tears in his eyes, motioned them to keep silence. He could not bear to hear it spoken of.

In the afternoon he could not sleep as he usually did. He opened the great family Bible to read the evening lessons, but his eye fell on the registry of his children, and to nearly all of the names he saw "Mark Watson; godfather." He could not read. A little before tea he could bear it no longer, so opening his desk he wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Did you reject my hand to-day, and with all your family pass by me and mine, as strangers or as enemies? or, was it all a dream of mine? The latter:—for God's sake, tell me it was the latter; and tell me it yourself by the old fireside to-night.—Yours, right truly,

JOHN THOMPSON.

The answer was not delivered personally. The messenger brought back a note with him. John's heart misgave him when he saw the letter, but he broke the seal and read—

SM,—It was no dream, and if you want an explanation, ask your son. We have to thank him for teaching us our true position. We are humble people, and he was right to spurn us. He might have done it kinder, perhaps, but I don't complain: only, I say this, and I acted on it to-day, that if my daughter is not fit for him, we are not, any of us, fit for you, for the same reason. We have been friends; we never can be enemies; but we *must* be strangers for ever. Let this be the last intercourse between us.—Yours,

MARK WATSON.

John was unable to speak for the deep tribulation, the deeper astonishment, that came over him. His son was in the parlour when he read it, and he placed the letter in his hands, and then sank listlessly in his chair. Young Thompson read the note, and as he did so his face grew purple, and the great veins came out black upon his forehead. He crushed the note to a ball in his hand, and, starting to his feet, cast it in the fire.

"Yes," he cried, "I can explain it; but I will not wound your good heart by doing so. That letter is an infamous lie. Yes, a lie, I say. It is a mean attempt to carry off shame for a wrong done, by a lying insinuation of a wrong suffered. Father, either this man and his family were never worth your friendship, or they have sadly changed of late. At any rate, they are unworthy our notice now. He says right; you must be strangers. There can be no more intercourse between us and such as they."

Old Thompson wrung his hands deprecatingly, and the tears coursed down his cheek, as he muttered:—

"Son, son, what have you been about? That fiery temper of yours will ruin us all. You have committed some rash folly that nothing can undo, and broken your old father's heart."

"Father," expostulated the son, "I have done nothing but what an honourable, right-minded man should have done. Did I ever deceive you in my life? No; then believe me now. I tell you these Watsons had formed a deliberate plan of marrying me to one of

them, in order to give a lift to their fallen fortunes, though they knew that life-long misery was to be my fate, since she I was to marry, not only did not love me, but held me in positive aversion; yes, in scorn and contempt; and, nevertheless, consented to sell herself in order to maintain the very pride that hated me. By the help of kind friends, I was enabled to discover this. I taxed her with it; I taxed them all with it; and they had not a word to say in their defence. And now this is the pitiful manner in which they strive to put an end to the matter, with what they take to be dignity!"

Much more ensued in this strain. Old Thompson doubted and wept, but his son had a clear case, as it appeared; and in the end the old man had to believe in the ingratitude and baseness of Mark Watson, though his heart marvelled that such iniquity could have been found lurking in the heart of his friend of friends. Clear, too clear, seemed the evidence; and yet an impression, in spite of it, remained with him, that the conclusion it pointed to was not the truth. But as day after day went by, and no hope came: as he mingled among the villagers and found some condoling with him on the turpitude of his friend, and others, who were more intimate with Watson, looking askance at him, nay, denouncing him and his son rather plentifully in places of resort; and as he came to reflect that no provocation could have made him write such a letter to Mark, he gradually settled down into the miserable belief, not only that the quarrel on his son's part was well-founded, but that his family were injured people, and that he must truly go down to the grave in enmity with the dearest friend the world had given him. The process, however, of reaching this conviction had broken his spirit. He never smiled now. He took no delight in any of his former avocations. The farm was neglected, and the factory was left to little Wat. Yet the good old man would still, at times, strike down the lane towards Mark Watson's, and walk nearly to the gate, as if nothing had happened; then, suddenly recollecting himself, would retrace his steps, not unfrequently in tears. At other times, when a loud knock echoed from the house door, he would say, "That's Mark Wa——!" and then, as though smitten with a spasmodic shock, cower into himself and be silent for the rest of the evening. Again, not unfrequently, when alone with his wife, he broke out into lamentations, such as he was indulging in at the close of that October day when first we saw him. But another cause for sorrow soon arose in little Wat. He, too, like the sister he had lost, was perceptibly wearing away. Always spare and little; he now seemed a very boy. His cheeks sunk, and his hands grew blue and emaciated. He seldom entered his laboratory, but sat moodily over the fire. A doctor was called in, but Wat would have nothing to say to him. He did not need him, he maintained. And when the physician gave his verdict—that unless he altered that opinion, he would follow his sister Mary to the grave—Wat only smiled, for he knew that the healing power lay not in medicine. The malady was of the heart.

October died away; November followed; December came. Wat grew thinner and paler, and old Thompson lower spirited than ever. The thought of Christmas, he said, was killing him; and he spoke truly. He gave no orders for the customary feast to his workpeople; and when the overlooker reminded him, instead of superintending it, as he generally delighted in doing, he only said, "Ay, ay, let it be as usual; of course, as usual;" and left it to the other's management. At length, his desire to be reconciled with his old friend grew so strong, in proportion as Christmas neared, that he would have even gone to him and prayed his forgiveness, had not his wife reminded him that he was an injured man, and that the virtue of justice itself required him not to be so weak. Little Wat said one ought to

forgive injuries at Christmas time, and that charity was better than justice: and his father said Wat was right, but Mrs. Thompson had great influence with her husband; and, moreover, to assert an untruth by acknowledging himself wrong, when he felt that he, at least, was right, was against the sincerity of John's own nature. But he longed that he might die before Christmas came. Young John suffered, perhaps, more than any. When in the heat of his indignation he had cast off Isabel Watson, he little knew how deep was the love he bore her. Now that she was lost to him, he felt it deeply. The memory of his joy in her last Christmas rose before him, and he, too, shrank miserably from the coming one. At times, too, his heart smote him, and a doubt rose whether he had acted wisely—whether his evidence was as sound as he had thought; but indignation and pride got the mastery, and he always finished by standing to what he had done. Not unfrequently, when he was supposed to be shooting, the pheasants were fluttering unshot above him, and he was sauntering sorrowfully among the woods, and returned gameless. Old Watson too, on the other hand, felt that he had been hasty, yet thought that he was wronged. He knew that the charge that had been made against his Isabel was false, and he thought his interpretation of its meaning was correct; but had he acted generously, wisely? No, said his conscience, no! But pride rebelled against any withdrawal, although he longed, from his soul, once more to shake his old friend's hand, and smoke a quiet pipe with him in the great tiled fire-place at the manor-house. Isabel tried to carry it all off with gaiety and animation; but the gaiety was forced, and the animation had its reaction. She, too, was sick at heart; and Sophia prayed night and morning that the cloud might pass away, and the sun once more shine forth upon them.

These two families were kept asunder by Pride. An unknown and bewildering evil spirit was between them. All felt themselves somewhat in the wrong; none dare make a bold step towards retrieving that wrong. They remained asunder, drifting on towards the lively and merry time of Christmas. Cold and estranged, and yet day by day, and through the long night, they all moaned for the estrangement, and panted for some happy chance to restore their ancient friendship and love.

It was not strange, therefore, that they all dreaded the approach of Christmas. They felt, as all should feel, that they who have coldness and enmity at their hearts are rebels against the spirit of the season; are traitors and renegades to that Divine Love by which the poor children of humanity should rejoice to be enfolded ever, as the linen bands enfolded the form of Him that was its first enunciator and exemplar.

It wanted but seven days from Christmas, when in the evening, as all were seated round the fire at the manor-house, a gig drove up furiously to the door. A message was sent in, that Mr. Baxendale had met with an accident and was dying, and wanted to see young Thompson before his death. The colour left young John's face as he rushed from the room, and in a few seconds the gig was whirling at full speed to Threpleton. This Baxendale was a lawyer, who lived with his sister, an unmarried lady of a certain age. They were friends of both families. He was a sinister man, who never looked you in the face, and was liked by nobody, except young Thompson, over whom he had acquired a great influence. He had that day been seized with a stroke of more than usual severity, and was lying, with closed eyes and livid lips, in the very grip of death, when Thompson entered. Instinctively he seemed aware of his presence, for he opened his eyes, and struggling up into a sitting posture, gasped these broken words:—

"All—all—Watson—I told—all—ab—about—Isabel—was—fa—"

The incomplete word died in his throat as the death-throes strangled him; but by the motion of his lips, and the expression of his dilating eye, Thompson knew that the word he would have uttered was—*false!*

A man to be pitied was now young Thompson. The ground upon which he had built the justification for his conduct; the authority, in implicit faith in which he had stirred up sorrow and tribulation in two families, was now, by one word, removed. He stood defenceless, with a great responsibility upon him, and with no evidence, no self-approving thought, to support it withal. Many a time he groaned bitterly, and many a time he smote his hand athwart his hot temples as he strode homeward through the damp meadow. What was he to do? To let the secret of his folly die with Baxendale, and so permit the estrangement to continue? in other words, to bring his father to his grave and blast the happiness of his family for ever, was that the course? or was it to tell the truth openly, brave all the consequences, and so to be pointed at as the dupe of a scoundrel, and as a rash hot-headed fool? He sat down on a stile in desperation, and had half resolved to turn his back upon Threpleton and bury his ignominy in the wide world, when the moon sailed out of a cloud, and her light danced with the brown leaves that went whirling to the breeze. A better spirit came over him. "I will ask Wat," he said; "Wat is always wise and good, and I am a self-sufficient idiot; thank God, I have made at least that discovery. Yes, I will ask little Wat."

So saying he strode briskly home. He took Wat aside immediately, and told him all. How Baxendale had ingratiated himself into his friendship; had cautiously paved the way for his designs by ceaselessly inveighing against women, saying that they never loved, but only married for position or wealth. Supporting it by such proof from history and life, that he, being no scholar, grew to believe it, and even doubted the truth of his affianced Isabel. How Baxendale then, still very cautiously, told him that his sister had confided to him a secret, which he had sworn never to reveal; but that his friendship for Thompson even made him break an oath, and he would tell him; it was this, that Isabel Watson was constantly complaining of her being compelled to marry such a clown as Thompson, but that he was a good catch, and now they were poor they must not be saucy. How he, Thompson, had flared up in that pride which he had so piqued himself upon, but which he now saw the sin and folly of, had listened to his so-called proofs; had believed them; had written a wild, indignant letter to Isabel, charging her with these absurdities; perhaps in mysterious language, for he thought her conscience would interpret his meaning, and guess the channel he had heard it from. How he had no reply save the indirect one from one father to the other, how Baxendale had confessed on his deathbed that it was all false, and how he, Thompson, now saw that the whole was the cunning plot of an infamous and rejected lover. This was his story, defence it was not; he stood at the mercy of his own family and the Watsons, a credulous, self-convicted fool. What was he to do?

Little Wat's answer was ready. He was to tell the whole truth at once, let it end as it might: he owed this to himself, as he had unwittingly done a grievous injury to an innocent girl and her family; he owed it to his father, mother, and little Wat himself, in reparation for the misery he had caused them. Moreover, true love would forgive largely; all would be well.

The self-willed Hercules bowed to the reasoning of his little brother, and directly after breakfast, on the morrow, set off for Mark Watson's. His success may be imagined. Mark was gruff at first, and Isabel

was indignant; but at heart they longed for an excuse to seize upon towards effecting a reconciliation; and Wat was right—true love does forgive largely, and so John had not pleaded long, ere Mark was grasping his hand, and Isabel was sobbing in his arms. Now came Mark's turn for self-reproach and embarrassment. "He had been hasty, captious, ungrateful; he never could face John Thompson again as long as he lived. That he couldn't." But young John told him that his father had never breathed a word against him, and that if Isabel could forgive *him*, surely there could be no doubt of Mark's reception with his father. They then decided that they would march up to the manor-house in a body, and delight old Thompson with welcome faces and welcome news.

They found him sitting in his, now, usual posture by the fireside, looking sadly into the glowing embers. When the door opened, and his son, and Mark, and the two daughters, and little Wat behind them, entered, he started to his feet, and then stood speechless before them. This gave young John time to tell the whole story; and when he had finished, Mark Watson stepped forward, and in broken tones began to mutter his sincere apologies and entreaties; but old John advanced to him, and gently placing his palm upon Mark's lips, took his hand in his, and said,—

"Nay, Mark, none of that. We have been under a nightmare. We are awake now. We have been under a cloud, walking in a mist, and have acted very properly, as we thought, but people in a mist cannot see clearly, and so we went all wrong. But the mist has blown away now, and we must forget it as speedily as we can. I tell you, Mark, we never quarrelled; we quarrelled! Ah, ha! That's a good idea. Mark, we've been friends and brothers from our cradles, and we will be friends and brothers to our graves. We'll say one of us went to America for a time one year, but we will not say we quarrelled. No; and by God's blessing we'll have a merry Christmas yet!"

And a merry Christmas they had; and a good one as well; for it was no selfish merriment, but a general good-cheer, in which the servants at the house, the workpeople at the mill, and the poorest beggar that was accessible in Threpleton, partook. Everything conspired to make old John amends for his tribulation; for Julia, who had written to say she could not come down at Christmas, did come after all, and brought her husband and her baby; and, as luck would have it, Ned's ship arrived in port on the 23rd of December, so that he came, all unexpectedly, upon them on Christmas-eve. A merry Christmas, indeed, it was, and on the week following young Thompson and Isabel Watson were married. Little Wat grew ruddy again, and almost stout, and the physician was quite nonplussed; and they do say in Threpleton, that it will not be long before Wat marries the gentle Sophia. As for Mary, the snow and the frost came, and made a fretwork of icicles over her grave on Christmas-day, and the hearts of her friends were with her, and her spirit was with them, purifying, chastening, as they steadied the Christmas merriment with a pious toast, which no Christmas feasters should omit, that of—Absent Friends!

THE MURDERED PUMP.

A STORY OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE hero of the following sketch is a real person, and the main points in it, the pump and the refuge in the cellar, are recorded as facts. The latter took place in the house of Sir John Trevor, the Master of the Rolls, a kinsman of Mr. Lloyd's, who was a proud and irritable Welshman.—See *Noble's Continuation of Granger*, Vol. i. p. 172.

TIME.—*The Beginning of the Last Century.*

SCENE.—*A Fog in Holborn towards Dawn.*

Enter Two Middle-aged Gentlemen, of the names of LANE and LLOYD, coming towards an old Pump.

LANE.—You're so quarrelsome, when you drink.

LLOYD. (*Hiccuping.*)—No, I ain't.

LANE.—Always contradicting everybody.

LLOYD. (*Hiccuping.*)—No, I ain't.

LANE.—So eager to say No, merely because other people say Yes.

LLOYD. (*Hiccuping.*)—No, I ain't.

LANE.—Why, you do it this very instant.

LLOYD.—No, I don't.

LANE.—You can't say Yes, if you would.

LLOYD. (*Hiccuping.*)—Yes, I can.

LANE.—No, you can't. Your very Yes is a No. You merely say it to contradict.

LLOYD.—No, I don't.

LANE.—Pooh, nonsense! And then you must draw your sword, forsooth, and add fury to folly. You'll get some tremendous lesson some day, and you really need it. I should like to give it you.

LLOYD. (*Violently.*)—Take care, George Lane.

(*LLOYD stumbles.*)

LANE.—Take you care, of the gutter. I shan't pick you up. I shall leave you to cool yourself.

LLOYD. (*Hiccuping.*)—No, you won't.

LANE.—Oh, what, you remember my carrying you home last Thursday, do you? And this is your gratitude.

LLOYD.—Damn gratitude! I'll not be insulted.

LANE.—Yes, you will,—by forgiveness. You'll insult others, and be forgiven.

LLOYD.—No, I won't. Nobody shall forgive Roderick Lloyd. I should like to see 'em. (*Standing still, putting his hand on his sword, and trying to speak very loudly.*) Who forgives me? Who forgives Lloyd, I say? Come into the court, you rascal.

LANE. (*Laughing.*)—Come along. Nonsense.

LLOYD.—Who forgives Roderick Lloyd,—Promontory, Prothonotary of—

LANE.—Of North Wales, Marshal to Baron Price, and so forth. Come along, and don't be an ass.

LLOYD.—Fire and fury! A what? (*Drawing his sword, and coming on.*) A prothonotary called— (*He stumbles against the Pump.*) Who the devil are you? Get out of the way!

LANE. (*Aside.*)—A good thing, faith! He shall have it out.

LLOYD. (*To the Pump.*)—Who are you, I say? Why don't you speak?

LANE.—He says you may go to the devil.

LLOYD.—The devil he does! Draw, you scoundrel, or you're a dead man.

LANE.—He stands as stiff as a post.

LLOYD. (*Furiously.*)—Draw, you infernal fool.

LANE.—He says he defies your toasting-fork, and your Welsh-rabbit to boot.

LLOYD.—Blood and thunder! (*He runs the Pump through the body.*)

LANE.—Good Heavens, Lloyd! what have you done? We must be off.

LLOYD.—Pink'd an infernal Welsh-rabbit—I mean a toasting, damnation, prothonotary. Who's afraid?

LANE.—Come along, man. This way, this way. Here, down the lane.—The constables are coming, and you've done it at last, by Heavens!

(*Exeunt down Chancery Lane.*)

SCENE II. *Daylight in a cellar. Lloyd and Lane discovered listening.*

LANE.—It's nobody, depend on't. It's too early. Nobody is stirring yet. Don't be down-hearted, Rory. You're a brave man, you know; and the worse the luck, the greater the lion.

LLOYD.—But I've left my sword in him.

LANE.—No, have you though? That's unlucky.

LLOYD.—Oh, that punch, that punch! and that cursed fool—poor fool, I should say,—Progers. I shall come to shame, George. Oh, I shall. To shame and to suffering. (*He walks to and fro.*)

LANE.—No, no. The sword had no name on it?

LLOYD.—Yes, it had.

LANE.—But only initials.

LLOYD.—No. Full length.

LANE.—What, titles and all? Roderick Lloyd, Prothono—

LLOYD.—No, no. But name and address. Oh, wouldn't it be better, if you would go out and see how matters are going on?

LANE.—What, the crowd, and all that? No, I think best not. We are too well known hereabouts.

LLOYD.—Then why didn't you go further?

LANE.—You were too far gone already, Rory. I don't mean to jest. You can't suppose me guilty of that. But it's a phrase, you know. You were very drunk; and to say the truth, very wilful.

LLOYD.—Oh, I was, I was.

LANE.—You wouldn't be guided at all.

LLOYD.—Too true, too true.

LANE.—I was twenty minutes getting you away from that apple-woman, and half an hour, I'm sure, in persuading you to rise from the door-way. (*LLOYD groans.*) Then you wouldn't let me take your sword (for I was afraid of some mischief), and you must have stood, I think, ten minutes against that shop-window, damning us all round—all the friends you had been disputing with.

LLOYD.—Oh, don't tell me all that again. It's cruel of you, George. Listen! great Heavens, listen!

LANE.—It's only some milkman.

LLOYD.—Only a milkman! How do you know? Besides, what do you mean by "only a milkman"? Can't a milkman hang me? Can't a milkman be furious? furious about a man that's killed?

LANE.—Pray, sit down, and be easy. Sir John, 'tis true, doesn't appear; but that's his way. He never stands by a friend, you know; that is to say, openly. But secretly he can do anything; and he will. I tell you again, that I woke him directly we came into the house, and he gave me his solemn oath that he would smuggle you into Wales, in the boot of his carriage. It's not a very big boot, but it's better than nothing.

LLOYD.—Oh, a paradise, a paradise, if I were but in it. But repeat to me, George. What sort of a man was it that I had the misfortune to—to—Tell me he was a bad fellow at any rate—a mohawk—a gallows-bird, or something of that sort.

LANE.—I wish I could. But he was a young gentleman, plainly in liquor himself.

LLOYD.—Didn't he carry himself very stiffly?

LANE.—Wonderfully, but with a sort of innocence too.

LLOYD.—But he said insulting things.

LANE.—Not he. That was your fancy.

LLOYD.—What, didn't he tell me to go to the devil, and all that?

LANE.—Not a bit. He was quite silent, and, in fact, evidently did not hear a word you uttered.

LLOYD.—How strange, how horribly strange! and that I should have had all those drunken fancies!

LANE.—That's your way, you know, owing to your confounded temper. I beg your pardon!

LLOYD.—Oh, I beg yours—everybody's—his.

LANE.—You do? Roderick Lloyd beg pardon! Is it positively come to that? to that, which you have sworn a thousand times you would never do to any man living, be the circumstances what they might. Well, this is a change. Ah, ha! (*Laughing.*) A change and a lesson, eh, Rory? And you'll be a good boy, and never do the like again, I suppose?

LLOYD. (*Astonished.*)—What has come to you? Is this kindness? Is this humanity?

LANE.—Yes, Rory, very good kindness indeed, and very good humanity; for I have now a piece of news to tell you, that will pay you for all you have suffered, and me for all that you have ever made me suffer; for what with frights for you, and perils of fights for you, and some three or four flounderings in the gutter, there has been no mean balance, let me tell you, on the side of your old friend. So, mark me. You didn't leave your sword in the man, for I've got it; and you didn't do him any mischief at all, for you couldn't; and he was no man whatsoever, Rory, for he was a Pump.

LLOYD.—A pump!—Swear it.—Shout it.—Make me sure of it somehow or other, and I'm in heaven.

LANE. (*Tenderly.*)—Do you think I'd play with you, Rory, any longer, and in a way like this?

(*Here Mr. RODERICK LLOYD, Prothonotary of North Wales, after embracing his friend, jumps and dances in ecstasy about the cellar.*)

LLOYD.—By Heaven, it's almost worth going through misery, in order to taste of such happiness.

LANE.—That's one of the very points I have so often insisted on in our disputes. Hail to your new metaphysics, Rory;—to your enlightened theosophy.

LLOYD.—Come; let's to breakfast then somewhere, out of this infernal cellar. I own my lesson, George. You might have let me off too, a little sooner, I think, eh? spared me a few sharp sentences. (*They prepare to go.*)

LANE.—I'm afraid you're growing a little disconcerted, Rory.

LLOYD.—No, I ain't; but—

LANE.—A little contradictory again.

LLOYD.—No, I ain't; but—

LANE.—You contradict me, however, as usual.

LLOYD.—No, I don't. Oh, damn it, come along. (*Looking red, and laughing with his companion.*) You won't tell anybody, will you, George?

LANE.—Haven't I the blood of the Lloyds in me? Am I not a gentleman, Rory?

LLOYD.—You are, you are. So we will drink gallons of tea to settle that confounded punch; and, I think, I'll never say, "No, I don't," as long as I live; at least not to you, my boy; that is to say, if you behave yourself.

LANE.—Ah, you feel a little angry with me still.

LLOYD.—No, I—(*LANE laughs.*) Damn it. Well, I do; but not half so angry as happy, either. So, come along.

(*Exeunt.*)

Extracts from Books in General.

THE BEST KIND OF EDUCATION.

There is one maxim which those who superintend schools should ponder well; and that is, that the best things to be learned are those which the children cannot be examined upon. One cannot but fear that the masters will be apt to think school-proficiency all in all—and that the founders and supporters of schools will, occasionally, be tempted by vanity to take most interest in those things which give most opportunity for display. Yet the slightest inferiority of moral tone in a school would be ill compensated for by an expertness, almost marvellous, in dealing with figures; or a knowledge of names, things, and places, which may well confound the grown-up bystander. That school would in reality be the one to be proud of, where order was thoroughly maintained with the least admixture of fear; where you would have most chance of meeting with truthful replies from the children in a matter where such replies would criminate themselves; and where you would find the most kindly feeling to each other prevalent throughout. Yet these are things not to be seen on show-days, that cannot be got up for exhibition, that require unwearied supervision on the part of masters and benefactors, that will never be

attempted but by those who, themselves, feel deeply the superiority of moral excellence to all else.—*Claims of Labour.*

THE CHARM OF AN OLD HOUSE.

I love old houses best, for the sake of the odd closets and cupboards, and good thick walls that don't let the wind blow in, and little out-of-the-way polyangular rooms with great beams running across the ceiling—old heart of oak, that has outlasted half a score generations—and chimney-pieces with the date of the year carved above them, and huge fire-places that warmed the shins of Englishmen before the house of Hanover came over. The most delightful associations that ever made me feel, and think, and fall a-dreaming, are excited by old buildings—not absolute ruins, but in a state of decline. Even the clipped yews interest me; and if I found one in any garden that should become mine, in the shape of a peacock, I should be as proud to keep his tail well spread as the man who first carved him.—*Southey's Life and Correspondence.*

AN ARGUMENT FOR EARLY CLOSING.

Most men would think it much, if it were brought home to them, that from any carelessness of theirs some person had suffered unnecessary imprisonment, if only for a day. And yet any one who encourages unreasonably late hours of business does what he can to uphold a system of needless confinement, depriving thousands of that healthful change of pursuit which is one of the main aliments both for body and soul, and leaving little time or opportunity for anything to grow up in their minds beyond the rudest and most trivial cares and objects.—*Claims of Labour.*

GENERAL INSENSIBILITY TO AN IMPORTANT TRUTH.

This, namely,—that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are early counted, and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—*Coleridge.*

HOPEFULNESS.

True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit too rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.—*Von Knebel.*

THE THREE STYLES.

The style of writing required in the great world is distinguished by a free and daring grace, a careless security, a fine and sharp polish, a delicate and perfect taste; whilst that fitted for the people is characterized by a vigorous natural fulness, a profound depth of feeling, and an engaging naïveté. We do not now speak of a higher region—that of genius—for which there exist no boundaries of high and low; which embraces the most polished cosmopolitanism and the homeliest nationality.—*Goethe.*

FUZZLING ARTIFICE.

Last week (1746) an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c., as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice she had bred up her children, bound them out apprentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indicted her maid as accomplice. The maid, in her defence, said—"That when her mistress hired her, she told her that she did something up in a garret into which she must never inquire: that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty: that,

indeed, she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining; but that she never had had, or put off, one single piece of bad money." The Judge asked the mistress if this was true? She answered, "Yes; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived; but that, knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace: that she knew, by informing, she should secure herself, and, not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded that the poor girl would come to no harm." The judge flew into the greatest rage; told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her, and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime; but, however, the jury did bring her in not guilty. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villany.—*Letters of Horace Walpole.*

A WORTHY BISHOP.

Butler, who was predecessor to the present Bishop of Durham, being applied to on some occasion for a charitable subscription, asked his steward what money he had in the house. The steward informed him there was five hundred pounds. "Five hundred pounds!" said the bishop; "what a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession!" and ordered it all to be immediately given to the poor. That spirit of charity and benevolence which possessed this excellent man, hath not appeared in any other part of the hierarchy since the beginning of the present century. His successor, Dr. Trevor, possessed of a large estate—besides the revenue of his rich bishopric—has a different turn of mind, but in common with many of his own order. To speak freely, I know nothing that has brought so great a reproach on the Church of England as the avarice and ambition of our bishops. Chandler, Bishop of Durham; Willis, Bishop of Winchester; Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury; Gibson and Sherlock, Bishops of London; all died shamefully rich, some of them worth more than 100,000*l.* I must add to these my old antagonist Gilbert, predecessor to Drummond, the present Archbishop of York. Some of these prelates were esteemed great divines (and I know they were learned men), but they could not be called good Christians. The great wealth which they heaped up, the fruits of their bishopricks, and which they left to enrich their families, was not their own; it was due to God, to the church, to their poor brethren.—*King's Anecdotes of His Own Time* (the former part of the last century).

"NERVES."

"Nerves are principally confined to large and populous cities; and, I think, more peculiar to Westminster than to London; not to deny, however, that there are many persons in the city who are persons of property, keep their carriage, and are very nervous. Indeed, I have observed that nerves very much follow the scale of property; and I fancy that if I could procure a peep at the books of the Commissioners of Income, I could pretty exactly point out those whose ten per cents. amount to a decent trepidation. But as these gentlemen are sworn to secrecy, I must be content without this display of the physiognomy of income; and, perhaps, it would, like other physiognomical stretches, be rather a subject of curiosity than utility.

"In the country there are very few nerves. Even in places not more than twenty miles from London they are scarcely heard of, except in the newspapers. But in the adjacent villages they are sufficiently plenty. You may trace them on the Hammersmith Road, as far as Kew or Richmond. Their tendency is westward; for, although they are exceedingly common on the Bath Road, and at the south-western villages of Roehampton, Wimbledon, Putney, &c., we do not hear much of them about Rotherhithe, Limehouse, or Stepney. Indeed, I do not know of what service they could be in the ship-building line."—*Neurologus* (1800).

DANGER OF CONFOUNDING PHYSICAL WITH MENTAL ENERGY.

The ideal of ethical perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the highest strength—the most intense vital energy—which has been called (rightly enough, with reference to the literal meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it) the ideal of æsthetic greatness. It is the maximum of barbarians, as has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of the ideal, becomes an animal spirit,—a combination whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.—*Novalis.*

Talk of the Week.

Christmas.—Its Pleasures and Duties.—Lord Carlisle's Lectures.—Slavery and President Filmore.—The Exhibition.—Coal and Flowers.

THE main topic of a Christmas week must of necessity be Christmas itself; but we need not tell family parties and reassembled friends how much more interesting their own talk of what they best know, and love, and remember, must be to them than any with which we could supply them; what endless themes are furnished them by their own homes and experiences; what volumes, above all new journals and books, will be uttered throughout the holidays, in simple greetings, in the entrances of mere faces, in grasps of the hands, in inquiries after Tom, and Dick, and Louisa, in gatherings round the fire, in dinners, in jestings, in the very jargon of animal spirits, and the flow of all sorts of wise and happy nonsense. For he who cannot play the fool sometimes, or at least be willing to see it played, is a wise man never. He does not even know the interest of what is the best part, perhaps, of his own poor foolish self, namely, his willingness to be good-natured, if he could but have the courage.

Be good-natured, man, and so prove that you are wiser than people fancied.

So strongly have we felt this conviction of the superiority of domestic Christmas talk, self-inspired, to all other, that we had almost resolved, in this number of our Journal, to content ourselves with thus paying our respects to it, and waiving any particular contributions of our own to the usual fund of the season. But when we recollected, not only what pleasant things Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray would be writing, but that all our journalist contemporaries would perhaps be saying something, and that something therefore, if only as a matter of course, would be expected of ourselves (particularly as one of us had been among the oldest worshippers of Christmas, and revivers of the vassail bowl), we altered our minds, for fear of being thought in a humour the reverse of the fact, and of being horribly left out of the Christmas circle, even in imagination.

Glory, therefore, and ever-increasing joy and abundance be to Christmas, everywhere, and in all its phases; from Belgravia to Bow; from London to the Land's End, and to the end of Christendom, and further; to the remotest parts of the earth (for many a Mussulman and Chinese, like the good Samaritan, is a good Christian "although he knows it not," as Pope said of his friend Garth); from the private play in the great house to the missestoe in the small one; from manor to factory, and from factory to the lowest hut in the fen; from the royal dwellings in Scotland, where a Queen has been conversing with the peasant, down to the poorest hovel in Ireland, where may God and common-sense put it into the hearts of landlords to believe that men can be hungry as well as themselves, and that Christianity is not a thing merely to save offending souls by, but to remind us that living creatures exist to feel for and to feed.

And let us all think of that same fact, in our respective spheres, and consider that we have no right to enjoy the season, which is named after its author, without warranting our enjoyments by sending a portion of them to the poor neighbour. Then, indeed, shall we have a right to our mirth and our abundance. Then shall we have a right to "set to" at the noble piece of beef and the "glorious" pudding; for then shall a blessing be upon our meat, even though we should have forgotten the grace in letter, seeing that we have taken care of it in spirit; and with what, indeed, can we thank God, if the poor have not thanked us?

We spoke in our last number of the lectures given

by Lord Carlisle to the Mechanics' Institute at Leeds, and regretted that we had seen but one of them. We have since obtained a newspaper containing the other, and have now to repeat our congratulations to the public on this curious and interesting sign of the times. Pleasant, indeed, is it to see nobility, in the shape too of one of the noblest of its children (in every sense of the word), thus coming forward to make acquaintance with the uneducated, not superciliously, not even condescendingly, but with graceful and unaffected good will, and on the ground of a mutual love of knowledge. It is the ground of all others, next to those positively material ones which such men take a delight in improving round about them for the benefit of their tenants, on which concession can safest begin, and which gratitude is most sure to honour; one on which elements, falsely approved to be discordant by nature, can most harmoniously be found to combine; on which the music of a wise advancement can be most happily struck up. "Let any one," said a friend to us the other day, "go to Lismore, and as far as the estates of the Duke of Devonshire extend, he will see what a difference there is between the domains of a good landlord and those of Ireland in general." Let any one, it may be added, have been at the scene presented by his Grace's nephew, and his auditors at these lectures in the Mechanics' Institute, and he will have seen how wise it is in the good and intelligent of all classes to come for intellectual purposes together, and thus prepare for a kindly instead of a conflicting advancement. We would have given a dozen of our best books (and that, reader, we assure you, is a very generous supposition on our parts) if something could suddenly have put us in a corner, where we could have seen the pleasant countenance and heard the manly and cordial voice of the giver of these two lectures.

Lord Carlisle, if he happens to see these pages, will not suppose that we mean to flatter him: for we are going to object to his lecture on Pope. Not that we, in the least degree, differ with the commendations which he bestows on the terseness, the pungency, the delicacy, the fancy, the wit, or the wisdom of that exquisite poet; nor even that we expected a criticism, and found only a panegyric; but because his lordship seems to have thought the poet's genius in want of defence, and because he undervalues, and this too in company with his idol, the far greater genius of the father of English poetry, Chaucer. The noble lecturer speaks of the "detractors" of Pope. But who are they? And where are they to be found? It is true, that towards the close of the last century, in consequence of Pope having been considered the greatest of our poets during the ascendancy of the French school of criticism, a reaction against that delusion took place in the criticisms of Joseph Warton and others. It is also true, that, in consequence of an attempt to re-apply French principles of criticism to the ultra-simplicities of the Lake Poets, that reaction, for a time, may have been carried to an excess by Mr. Wordsworth and his friends, when their genius, in spite of their faults, succeeded in being recognised. And it is furthermore true, that Lord Byron (between whom and those gentlemen there was no love lost) was tempted by early love for Pope, sharpened by that enmity, to go to the old "Popish" extreme; and a sad uncritical embroglio he accordingly made of it, with his no less uncritical friend and antagonist, Mr. Bowles; for with all the genius of his lordship, all his wit at will, his constant passion, and his sometimes grand imagination, critic he assuredly was not, whatever his noble kinsman may be willing to think him. No doubt he would have become one, and a very excellent one, had he gone to work studiously, and not in a mere fit of spleen or will; but it was really melancholy to see how little he had attended to the first principles of the art, and with what easy superiority Mr. Hazlitt came into the dispute as

arbiter, and instructed the two poets in their own business. Fortunately for their repute, that gentleman was not merely "an ingenious person," as the noble lecturer styles him. He is an English classic. He is pure and correct in language, vigorous in style, acute, often subtle, in reflection, felicitous in illustration; and these are not the elements of which the clever and transitory persons are made, who are complacently called "ingenious." They are stuff for perpetuity.

Far are we from defending the airs, which the censurers of Pope might then, or at any time, have given themselves, upon the strength of their claims to belong to a greater school: though none of them, as far as we are aware, ever denied his real merits. We are sure Joseph Warton did not. On the contrary, he lauded every beauty, and perhaps even adduced every instance of it, which have suggested themselves to the mind of the noble lord, and certain we are, that if any living poet, or any one who claims to be thought a poet, and one of a higher order than Pope, is not fully alive to his merits, or takes himself for a greater genius, purely because the age has led him into an imaginative school, and he "thinks he's thinking," because he jumbles a heap of images together, he is but a dead man already; sure of that oblivion from which the divine little artist has as surely escaped.

As to Chaucer—but we dislike to differ with Lord Carlisle; and therefore shall only express our belief that the noble lecturer, from his long and loving attachment to the modern poet, has never been induced to look closely into the great, the original, and ever-fresh genius of Chaucer; into his gracefulness, his grandeur, his very music, and the profound depth of his pathos. For as to his antiquity, it is a mere notion, or dust of time, as easily blown away as that from a Phidian Jupiter; and what indelicacy there is in him is but an accident of the age, and as little to be attended to as the good poet in his latter days wished it to be. The world owe those reverent ignorings to the errors, particularly the lamented errors, of the great and good; and we are sure, from abundant evidence in these two lectures, that their graceful-minded author must be one of the first men to feel so.

So now to the second lecture—the one on his Tour in America; which we the more rejoice to come to, because it can speak best for itself. Nothing could surpass the modesty, the delicacy, the address, the fine sense, or the kindness (the root of it all) with which the noble visitor of the Republic has contrived to see so much in so short a space of time, to know so many people, and to record the impression he received from all and from everything, without either the violation of a propriety or the concealment of an opinion. The tone of patrician breeding, combined with brotherly cordiality, makes (it must have been felt by everybody) a delicious mixture throughout these lectures; and when no sympathy is omitted with American slave or with English pauper, the charm is complete; and the greatest cause in the world—the Cause of the Poor—appears beautifully in the ascendant. Upon the whole, after good admiration of whatsoever is excellent in America, of her best statesmen and writers, of her energy, her religious liberty, and her entire freedom from poverty (which is not only candidly acknowledged, but strongly set forth), the impression remaining upon the mind of the noble lord is not one of envy, either of the manners or words, or even freedom of opinion in the United States. He finds the manners too coarse and violent; the morals, though strict in some respects, not conducive to general health and happiness; the freedom a great deal more national than personal, not social, not mutual, not permitting others to act and speak as Englishmen permit; all wanting to be dictators, and none upon most topics, especially political ones, really having their tongues at liberty; conduct,

therefore, among the educated classes, dull and stiff, as if under inspection; a flattery of popular prejudices and contrasts at every turn in public affairs; the love of money paramount over every other consideration but one, and that one the maintenance of slavery at the expense of every consistency, humanity, and even the very name of freedom.

Those who have the interest of the negro race at heart will have been much grieved by the message of the new President of the United States, whereby all hope is destroyed of a speedy amelioration of the late law relating to Fugitive Slaves. President Fillmore maintains that to interfere with slavery would be to interfere with the Federal constitution of America, and stands by the Federation accordingly. We do not envy the constitution that can exist and flourish with so unwholesome a thing as slavery within it.

As the building for the Exhibition becomes daily nearer complete, the interest of the public is transferred from the external to the internal arrangements. The colours for its decoration have, we believe, been decided on. Blue, red, and white were submitted to the Committee, but with good taste the red has been abandoned. Blue and white will accord well with the elegant and fairy-like materials of the wonderful structure. The dwellers in the Metropolis who have been in the habit of imagining that the coal of Northumberland and Durham was the coal of the kingdom, will be surprised by a monster block of bright, clear coal, which is now on the way to the Exhibition from a mine in the Midland counties. It is nine feet in height, six in diameter, and eighteen in circumference. It is also a gratifying fact that this monster mass has been "worked" and raised by the gratuitous labour of the pitmen, thus testifying at once to their friendliness to their employers and to the object to which the result of their labour is to be devoted. We have seen a circular addressed to the artificial flower manufacturers, calling them to a meeting to consider a plan for presenting a novel and elegant contribution to the Exhibition, in the shape of a grand May-day garland of wax-flowers. It is proposed that this garland should consist of 1851 groups of flowers, embracing the principal floral productions of all nations. We are not aware whether there be any likelihood of the proposition being carried out, but certainly, if carried out effectively, it will be one of the most attractive specimens in that great Industrial Walthalla. Its very proposition will go to redeem us from our somewhat *fustian* character; and, if successfully accomplished, would prove that we have not altogether lost sight of the *Æsthetic* in the *Dynamic*, but have a love of the *Artistic* and the *Beautiful*, as well as of the *Powerful* and *Useful*.

Fragments.

A RARE DEVICE.

John Evelyn, in his *Fumifugium* (Smoke-dispeller), says he has heard "a pleasant tale of a certain Sir Politic, that, in the last great plague, projected, by a vessel freighted with peeled onions, which should pass along the Thames, by the city, when the wind sat in a favourable quarter, to attract the pollution of the air, and sail away with the infection to the sea."

A CAUTION.

Everything that tends to emancipate us from external restraint, without adding to our power of self-government, is mischievous.—*Goethe*.

THE "GOOD SCOTCH PARSON."

A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony Church of Glasgow, during the war which this and other countries maintained against the ambition of Louis XIV., was accustomed in that part of his prayer which relates to public affairs, to beseech the Lord that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shrike him over the mouth of hell;

"but, good Lord," added the worthy man, "dinna let him fa' in." This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave, "The good Scotch Parson," as a toast.

DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF NATURE.

We stand in as many and as immeasurably different relations to nature as to man; and as to the child she shows herself childlike, and bends benignly down to his infant heart, so to the God she shows herself godlike, and attunes herself to His high spirit.—*Novalis*.

INTERESTING TO THE DEAF.

Gutta Percha pipes are now in use in St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow, for the use of the deaf. By means of this wonderful invention those who could make nothing of the discourse before, can now hear distinctly.

MEMORY SURVIVING THE OTHER FACULTIES.

De Lagny, the mathematician, for two days had lain in a deep lethargy, and had not known even his own children, Maupertuis abruptly, and with a very loud voice, asked him, what was the square of twelve?—"144," replied the dying man. The celebrated physician Chirac was much in the same state, and without any power of recollecting those near his deathbed. His right hand mechanically laid hold of his left, and, feeling his pulse, he exclaimed, "They have called me too late. The patient has been bled. He is a dead man!" The prediction and the prognostic were soon after verified.

ADVICE.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Van Knebel*.

Don't give way in bad health.

The life of the body is as dependent on the spirit, as that is subject to corporeal influences.—*Richter*.

HONEST QUAKER SCHOOLMASTER.

Bolton Boarding-School, August 15, 1797.

Abraham Shackleton informs his friends, and the public, that being placed guardian over the morals of the young under his care, he declines, from conscientious motives, to teach that part of the academic course which he conceives injurious to morals, and subversive of sound principles: particularly those authors who recommend, in seducing language, the illusions of love, and the abominable trade of war. Those who design their sons for the college, will take their measures accordingly. He professes to fit youth for business, and instruct them in polite literature. His terms are 6*l.* per quarter: no entrance-money demanded.

INCrustation OF STEAM BOILERS.

A patent has been recently granted to a physician for a method of galvanically preventing the incrustation of steam boilers by earthy matters—a problem which has occupied the attention of practical and scientific men for many years.

NONSENSE VERSES.

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre,
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu!
Mais qu'il est fâché de se rendre,
Quand le bonheur est suspendu!
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Egarer un cœur éperdu;
Souvent par un mal-entendu,
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

How happy to defend our heart,
When love has never thrown a dart!
But ah! unhappy, when it bends,
While pleasure her soft bliss suspends,
Sweet in a wild disordered strain
A lost and wandering heart to gain,
Oft, in mistaken language wooed,
The skilful lover's understood.

This song has such a resemblance to meaning, that the celebrated Fontenelle, hearing it sung, imagined he had a glimpse of sense, and desired to have it repeated. "Don't you see (said Madame de Tencin) that they are NONSENSE VERSES?" "It resembles so much (replied the malignant wit) the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should for once be mistaken."

